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THE HORATIAN CANONS OF FRIENDSHIP.

BEING THE

THIRD SATIRE of the FIRST BOOK of HORACE

IMITATED.

K Horatius

With Two DEDICATIONS;

The FIRST to that ADMIRABLE CRITIC, the

Rev. Mr. WILLIAM WARBURTON,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS DUNCIAD, and HIS SHAKESPEARE;

And the SECOND to my good Friend

The TRUNK-MAKER at the Corner of *St. Paul's Church-Yard.*

By EBENEZER PENTWEAZLE,
of TRURO *in the* County *of* CORNWALL, *Esq;*

'Tis all from Horace. POPE.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THAT

ADMIRABLE CRITIC,

THE

Rev. Mr WILLIAM WARBURTON.

REVEREND SIR,

SOME years have elapſed ſince I admired you, whom I never ſaw, and your works, which I never read, by tradition: I thought you almoſt infallible, and, in all ſubmiſſion, kiſs'd your toe with the reſt of the deluded multitude. But (thanks to honeſt, ingenious *Edwards)* I am at length convinced that your Holineſs is an old woman, a mere Pope Joan; and, as *Hudibraſs* did by *Sidrophel*,

..... *I now perceive,*
You are no conjuror, by your leave.

The other Gentleman, of Lincoln's Inn, has ſhewn your picture to the publick, and the publick have acknowledged the likeneſs. Your Shakeſpeare has given us a ſample of your head, as your Dunciad has of your heart. I ſay *your* Shakeſpear, and *your* Dunciad; for neither of thoſe excellent authors would own their works, were they alive to ſee what you have made of them.

Incipit eſſe tuum,

Or, as Dryden expreſſes it,

You make the benefits of others ſtudying
Much like the meals of politic Jack-pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own when once h' has ſpit i' th' porridge.

Prologue to Albumazar.

Your reading (it muſt be allow'd) has been very extenſive; yet I defy you to produce, out of all your learned lumber, one inſtance parallel to this, *viz.* The making a dead man write poſthumous ſatyr againſt gentlemen, whom he either did not know, or, if he did, he muſt have admired. Did you ever read the

fragments

fragments of Menander? Let me recommend the following paſſage, which I think you will hardly diſapprove; ſince it is a panegyric upon impudence.

Ω μεγιστε των Θεων
Νυν ουτ' Αιδεϊ', ει Θεαν καλειν σε δει,
Δει δε, το κρατυν γαρ νυν νομιζηται Θεος,
Ερ' οπου βαδιζεις, ερ' οπου ηξειν μοι δοκεις;

Thou Goddeſs, Impudence (if without blame,
To thee we may attribute that high name)
Yet thou art ſurely of immortal line,
If to have power infinite's divine:
How vaſt thy force, thy influence how great,
And how ſtupendous thy ſtill riſing height!

I might take this opportunity of calling you to an account for balderdaſhing the Engliſh language, by introducing French words, ſuch as Meſſ^rs *Entreme*, *Impuiſſance*, and a thouſand others, when we have more ſignificant ones of our own to expreſs the ſame ideas. I might accuſe you of coining ſuch words as *ming* for mixture, which you cleverly contrive by turning the *w* in wing upſide down, together with *hym*, which you ſay is a particular kind of dog; and, when your hand was in, you might as well have

ſaid

ſaid a particular kind of fiſh, which is the conſtant cuſtom of the Lexicographers, when they don't underſtand a word in Pliny, or ſome other antient writers. But I ſhall leave matters of this ſort to a gentleman much my ſuperior, both in genius and learning, who is very hard at work for you, and who will do you noble juſtice; beſides, I am called off from you at preſent to a man of much more worth and utility; namely, the Trunk-maker at the corner of St Paul's Churchyard.

REVEREND SIR,

Your Servant,

EBENEZER PENTWEAZLE.

TO

TO THE

TRUNK-MAKER

At the CORNER of

St. PAUL's CHURCH-YARD.

SIR,

NOT *many days ago, at a meeting of a club of merry fellows at the Caſtle, after ſupper was over I toaſted* All our friends round Paul's; *upon which Mr. Critic Catchup cry'd out,* Mr. Pent-

weazle, I beg you would not forget the Trunk-maker in the corner, a perſon to whom you are likely to furniſh a great deal of lining, and who in this golden and truly Auguſtan age will probably be the beſt Patron you'll meet with. *Upon this I humbly aſk'd pardon for my omiſſion, and take this opportunity of making ſome amends; for it muſt be own'd that in theſe times (as Mr. Warburton ſays)* "ſo highly improv'd in true Philoſophy," *the Trunk-makers are* *"not the worſt judges or rewarders of merit."

However, I beg leave to be indulged a few words with regard to the degrees of merit, becauſe I think it would be abſurd to prefer Authors to the Trunk indiſcriminately. As for your paſtoral writers and epigrammatiſts, they (it ſhould ſeem) ought only to line Trunks for little Miſſes, but your Epic writers, your Tragedians, and your Comedians might be a proper ornament for the Trunks of perſons of Condition, and the works of the incomparable Mr. Juſtice Fielding *might line the Trunk of an Emperor. As for the works of the Rev. Mr. W——, Mr. R——, Dr. ——, &c. &c. &c. they*

* This is Mr. *Warburton*'s complement to his bookſellers.

they ſhould line the Trunks that are intended for exportation, for they will never be read any more in this kingdom.

I beg to conclude by expreſſing the utmoſt eſteem for you and your profeſſion, and declaring that I ſincerely believe Merit would not go ſo totally unrewarded had ſome of our modern Mæcenas's *half the generoſity and abilities of the* TRUNK-MAKER *at the Corner of St. Paul's Church.*

I am Your Obedient

And expect to be

Your Obliged Humble Servant,

EBENEZER PENTWEAZLE.

N. B. I

N. B. I think it proper to declare that nothing in the above Dedication is intended to ridicule or reflect upon Mr Nickleſs, who is an excellent artiſt in his way, and a very ſenſible worthy man.

THE

THE

HORATIAN CANONS

OF

FRIENDSHIP.

NAY, 'tis the ſame with all th' affected crew
Of ſinging men and ſinging women too:
Do they not ſet their catcalls up of courſe?
The King himſelf may aſk them till he's hoarſe;

1 Omnibus hoc vitium eſt cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati:
Injuſſi nunquam deſiſtant. Sardus habebat

But wou'd you crack their windpipes and their lungs,
The certain way's to bid them hold their tongues.
'Twas thus with *Minum*,---*Minum* one wou'd think,
My Lord Mayor might have govern'd with a wink.
Yet did the Magiſtrate e'er condeſcend
To aſk a ſong as kinſman or as friend,
The urchin coin'd excuſes to get off,
'Twas---hem---the devil take this whoreſon cough.
But wait awhile, and catch him in the glee,
He'd roar the * Lion in the loweſt key,
Or ſtrain the † morning Lark quite up to G.
Act Beard, or Lowe, and ſhew his tuneful art
From the plumb-pudding down to the deſert.

No-

Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæſar, qui cogere poſſet,
Si peteret per amicitiam partis, atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret: ſi collibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modo ſumma
Voce, modo hac reſonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.

* *The Lion's Song, in Pyramus and Thiſbe.*

† *A ſong in one of Mr Handel's Oratorios.*

2 Never on earth was ſuch a various elf,
He every day poſſeſs'd a diff'rent ſelf;
Sometimes he'd ſcowr along the ſtreets like wind,
As if ſome fifty bailiffs were behind;
At other times he'd ſadly, ſaunt'ring crawl,
As tho' he led the hearſe, or held the ſable pall.
3 Now for promotion he was all on flame,
And ev'ry ſentence from St James's came.
He'd brag how Sir John ---- met him in the Strand,
And how his Grace of ---- took him by the hand;
How the Prince ſaw him at the laſt review,
And aſk'd who was that pretty youth in blue?

Now

2 Nil æquale homini fuit illi: ſæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem: perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret. Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos: modo reges, atque tetrarchas.
3 Omnia magna loquens. Modo, Sit mihi menſa tripes, &
Concha ſalis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa, queat. decies centena dediſſes

Now wou'd he praiſe the peaceful ſylvan ſcene,
The healthful cottage, and the golden mean.
Now wou'd he cry, contented let me dwell
Safe in the harbour of my college cell;
No foreign cooks, nor livry'd ſervants nigh,
Let me with comfort eat my mutton-pye;
While my pint-bottle, op'd by help of fork,
With wine enough to navigate a cork,
My ſober ſolitary meal ſhall crown,
To ſtudy edge the mind, and drive the vapours down.
Yet, ſtrange to tell, this wond'rous ſtudent lay
Snoring in bed for all the livelong day;
Night was his time for labour----in a word,
Never was man ſo cleverly abſurd.

But

Huic parco paucis contento: quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Mane: diem totum ſtertebat. nil fuit unquam
Sic impar ſibi. nunc aliquis dicat mihi: quid tu?

[4] But here a friend of mine turns up his noſe,
And you (he cries) are perfect, I ſuppoſe:
Perfect! not I (pray, gentle Sir, forbear)
In this good age, when vices are ſo rare,
I plead humanity, and claim my ſhare.
Who has not faults? great MARLBOROUGH had one,
Nor CHESTERFIELD is ſpotleſs, nor the SUN.
Grubworm was railing at his friend *Tom Queer*,
When *Witwoud* thus reproach'd him with a ſneer,
Have you no flaws, who are ſo prone to ſnub,
I have ---- but I forgive myſelf, quoth *Grub*.
This is a ſervile ſelfiſhneſs, a fault
Which Juſtice ſcarce can puniſh, as ſhe ought.

[4] Nullane habes vitia? immo alia, haud fortaſſe minora.
Mænius abſentem Novium cum carperet: heus tu,
Quidnam ait. ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas? egomet mi ignoſco, Mænius inquit.
Stultus, & improbus hic amor eſt, dignuſque notari.
Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,

Blind as a poking, dirt-compelling mole,
To all that ſtains thy own polluted ſoul,
Yet each ſmall failing ſpy'ſt in other men,
Spy'ſt with the quickneſs of an eagle's ken.
Tho' ſtrong reſentment rarely lag behind,
And all thy virulence be paid in kind.
5 Philander's temper's violent, nor fits
The wond'rous waggiſhneſs of modern wits;
His cap's awry, all ragged is his gown,
And (wicked rogue!) he wears his ſtockings down;
But h'as a ſoul ingenuous as his face,
To you a friend, and all the human race;
Genius, that all the depths of learning ſounds,
And generoſity, that knows no bounds.

In

Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum.
Quam aut aquila, aut ſerpens Epidaurius? at tibi contra
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rurſus, & illi.
5 Iracundior eſt paullo, minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum: rideri poſſit, eo quod
Ruſticius tonſo toga defluit, & male laxus

In gems like theſe if the good youth excel,
Let them compenſate for the aukward ſhell.
Sift then yourſelf, I ſay, and ſift again,
Glean the pernicious tares from out the grain;
And aſk thy heart if Cuſtom, Nature's heir,
Hath ſown no undiſcover'd fern-ſeed there.
This be our ſtandard then, on this we reſt,
Nor ſearch the Caſuiſts for another teſt.
[6] Let's be like lovers glorioufly deceiv'd,
And each good man a better ſtill believ'd;
E'en Celia's wart Strephon will not neglect,
But praiſes, kiſſes, loves the dear defect.

Oh!

In pede calceus hæret. at eſt bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quiſquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore, denique teipſum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inſeverit olim
Natura, aut etiam conſuetudo mala, namque
Neglectis urenda filix innaſcitur agris.

[6] Illuc prævertamur: amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipſa hæc

Oh! that in friendſhip we were thus to blame,
And ermin'd candour, tender of our fame,
Wou'd cloath the honeſt error with an honeſt name!
Be we then ſtill to thoſe we hold moſt dear,
Fatherly fond, and tenderly ſevere.
The ſire, whoſe ſon ſquints forty thouſand ways,
Finds in his features mighty room for praiſe:
Ah! born (he cries) to make the ladies ſigh,
Jacky, thou haſt an am'rous caſt o' th' eye.
Another's child's abortive --- he believes
Nature moſt perfect in diminutives;

And

Delectant: veluti Balbinum polypus Agnæ:
Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus; & iſti
Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
At, pater ut nati, ſic nos debemus amici,
Si quod ſit vitium, non faſtidire. ſtrabonem
Appellat pætum pater: & pullum, male parvus
Si cui filius eſt: ut abortivus fuit olim
Siſyphus. hunc varum, diſtortis cruribus, illum
Balbutit ſcaurum, pravis fultum male talis.

And men of ev'ry rank, with one accord
Salute each crooked brachet with My Lord.
(For bandy legs, hump-back, and knocking knee,
Are all exceſſive ſigns of Q---ty.)
Thus let us judge our friends --- if Scrub ſubſiſt
Too meanly, Scrub is an œconomiſt;
And if Tom Tinkle is full loud and pert,
He aims at wit, and does it to divert.
Largus is apt to bluſter, but you'll find
'Tis owing to his magnitude of mind:
Lollius is paſſionate, and loves a whore,
Spirit and conſtitution! --- nothing more ---
Ned to a bullying peer is ty'd for life,
And in commendam holds a ſcolding wife;

Parcius hic vivit: frugi dicatur, ineptus,
Et jactantior hic paullo eſt: concinnus amicis
Poſtulat ut videatur, at eſt truculentior, atque

Slave to a fool's caprice, and woman's will;
But patience, patience is a virtue ſtill!
Aſk of Chamont a kingdom for a fiſh,
He'll give you three rather than ſpoil a diſh;
Nor pride, nor luxury, is in the caſe,
But Hoſpitality --- an't pleaſe your Grace.
Should a great gen'ral give a drab a penſion ---
Meanneſs! --- the devil --- 'tis perfect condeſcenſion.
Such ways make many friends, and make friends long,
Or elſe my good friend Horace reaſons wrong.
7 But we alas! e'en virtuous deeds invert,
And into vice miſconſtrue all deſert.
See we a man of modeſty and merit,
Sober and meek --- we ſwear he has no ſpirit;

We

Plus æquo liber: ſimplex, fortiſque habeatur.
Caldior eſt: acreis inter numeretur. opinor,
Hæc res & jungit, junctos & ſervat amicos.
7 At nos virtutes ipſas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incruſtare. probus quis

We call him ſtupid, who with caution breaks
His ſilence, and will think before he ſpeaks.
Fidelio treads the path of life with care,
And eyes his footſteps; for he fears a ſnare.
His wary way ſtill ſcandal miſapplies,
And calls him ſubtle, who's no more than wiſe.
If any man is unconſtrain'd and free,
As oft, my Lælius, I have been to thee,
When rudely to your room I chance to ſcowr,
And interrupt you in the ſtudious hour;
From Coke and Littleton your mind unbend,
With more familiar nonſenſe of a friend;

Talk

Nobiſcum vivit: multum eſt demiſſus homo. illi
Tardo cognomen pingui damus. hic fugit omneis
Inſidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum,
Cum genus hoc inter vitæ verſetur, ubi acris
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina: pro bene ſano,
Ac non incauto, fictum, aſtutumque vocamus.
Simplicior ſi quis, qualem me ſæpe libenter

Talk of my friendſhip, and of your deſert,
Shew you my works, and candidly impart
At once the product of my head and heart,
Naſutus calls me fool, and clowniſh bear,
Nor (but for perfect candour) ſtops he there.
[8] Ah! what unthinking, heedleſs things are men,
T'enact ſuch laws as muſt themſelves condemn?
In every human ſoul ſome vices ſpring
(For fair perfection is no mortal thing)
Whoe'er is with the feweſt faults endu'd,
Is but the beſt of what cannot be good.

Then

Obtulerim tibi Mæcenas, ut forte legentem
Aut tacitum impellat, quovis ſermone moleſtus,
Communi ſenſu plane caret, inquimus. [8] Eheu,
Quam temere in noſmet legem ſancimus iniquam.
Nam vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur: optimus ille eſt,
Qui minimis urgetur. amicus dulcis, ut æquum eſt,
Cum mea compenſet vitiis bona, pluribus hiſce,
Si modo plura mihi bona ſunt, inclinet; amari
Si volet: hac lege in trutina ponetur eadem.

Then view me, friend, in an impartial light,
Survey the good and bad, the black and white;
And if you find me, Sir, upon the whole,
To be an honeſt and ingenuous ſoul,
By the ſame rule I'll meaſure you again,
And give you your allowance to a grain.
'Tis friendly and 'tis fair, on either hand,
To grant th' indulgence we ourſelves demand.
If on your hump we caſt a fav'ring eye,
You muſt excuſe all thoſe who are awry.
In ſhort, ſince vice or folly, great or ſmall,
Is more or leſs inherent in us all,

Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Poſtulat; ignoſcat verrucis illius. æquum eſt,
Peccatis veniam poſcentem, reddere rurſus.
Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
Cætera item nequeunt ſtultis hærentia; cur non

Whoe'er offends, our cenſure let us guide,
With a ſtrong biaſs to the candid ſide;
Nor (as the ſtoicks did in antient times)
Rank little foibles with enormous crimes.
9 If, when your butler, e'er he brings a diſh,
Shou'd lick his fingers, or ſhou'd drop a fiſh,
Or from the ſide-board filch a cup of ale,
Enrag'd you ſend the puny thief to goal;
You'd be (methinks) as infamous an oaf,
As that immenſe portentous ſcoundrel *---- †.
Yet worſe by far (if worſe at all can be)
In folly and iniquity is he;

Who

Ponderibus, moduliſque ſuis ratio utitur, ac res
Ut quæque eſt, ita ſuppliciis delicta coercet?
9 Si quis eum ſervum, patinam qui tollere juſſus,
Semeſos piſceis, tepidumque ligurierit jus,
In cruce ſuffigat; Labeone inſanior inter
Sanos dicatur: quanto hoc furioſius. atque
Majus peccatum eſt? paullum deliquit amicus,

† *An infamous attorney.*

Who, for ſome trivial, ſocial, well-meant joke,
Which candour ſhou'd forget as ſoon as ſpoke,
Wou'd ſhun his friend, neglectful and unkind,
As if old Parſon Packthread was behind:
Who drags up all his viſiters by force,
And, without mercy, reads them his diſcourſe.
[10] If ſick at heart, and heavy at the head,
My drunken friend ſhould reel betimes to bed;
And in the morn, with affluent diſcharge,
Should ſign and ſeal his reſidence at large;
Or ſhould he, in ſome paſſionate debate,
By way of inſtance, break an earthen plate;

Wou'd

Quod niſi concedas, habeare inſuavis, acerbus;
Odiſti, & fugis, ut Druſonem debitor æris:
Qui niſi cum triſtes miſero venere Kalendæ,
Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat; amaras
Porrecto jugulo hiſtorias, captivus ut, audit.
[10] Comminxit lectum potus, menſave catillum
Evandri manibus tritum dejecit: ob hanc rem,

Wou'd I forſake him for a piece of delph?
No --- not for China's wide domain itſelf.
If toys like theſe were cauſe of real grief,
What ſhou'd I do, or whether ſeek relief,
Suppoſe him perjur'd, faithleſs, pimp, or thief?
Away --- a fooliſh knaviſh tribe you are,
Who falſely put all vices on a par.
From this fair reaſon her aſſent withdraws,
E'en ſordid Intereſt gives up the cauſe,
That mother of our cuſtoms and our laws.
When firſt yon golden ſun array'd the eaſt,
Small was the difference 'twixt man and beaſt;

With

Aut poſitum ante mea quia pullum in parte catini
Suſtulit eſuriens, minus hoc jucundus amicus
Sit mihi? quid faciam, ſi furtum fecerit, aut ſi
Prodiderit commiſſa fide, ſponſumve negarit?
Queis paria eſſe fere placuit peccata, laborant,
Cum ventum ad verum eſt, ſenſus, moreſque repugnant,
Atque ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater, & æqui.

With hands, with nails, with teeth, with clubs they [fought,
'Till malice was improv'd, and deadlier weapons [wrought.
Language, at length, and words experience found,
And ſenſe obtain'd a vehicle in ſound.
Then wholeſome laws were fram'd, and towns were [built,
And juſtice ſeiz'd the lawleſs vagrants guilt;
And theft, adultery, and fornication
Were puniſh'd much, forſooth, tho' much in faſhion:
" For long before fair Helen's fatal charms
Had many a - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Cum prorepſerunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus, & pugnis, dein fuſtibus atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ poſt fabricaverat uſus:
Donec verba, quibus voces, ſenſuſque notarent,
Nominaque invenere; dehinc abſiſtere bello,
Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges;
Ne quis fur eſſet neu latro, neu quis adulter.
" Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli - - - - -
Cauſſa: ſed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi, - - - - -

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From this fair reaſon her aſſent withdraws,
E'en ſordid Intereſt gives up the cauſe,
That mother of our cuſtoms and our laws.
When firſt yon golden ſun array'd the eaſt,
Small was the difference 'twixt man and beaſt;

With

Aut poſitum ante mea quia pullum in parte catini
Suſtulit eſuriens, minus hoc jucundus amicus
Sit mihi? quid faciam, ſi furtum fecerit, aut ſi
Prodiderit commiſſa fide, ſponſumve negarit?
Queis paria eſſe fere placuit peccata, laborant,
Cum ventum ad verum eſt, ſenſus, moreſque repugnant.
Atque ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater, & æqui.

With hands, with nails, with teeth, with clubs they [fought,
'Till malice was improv'd, and deadlier weapons [wrought.
Language, at length, and words experience found,
And ſenſe obtain'd a vehicle in ſound.
Then wholeſome laws were fram'd, and towns were [built,
And juſtice ſeiz'd the lawleſs vagrants guilt;
And theft, adultery, and fornication
Were puniſh'd much, forſooth, tho' much in faſhion:
" For long before fair Helen's fatal charms
Had many a - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

F

Cum prorepſerunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus, & pugnis, dein fuſtibus atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ poſt fabricaverat uſus:
Donec verba, quibus voces, ſenſuſque notarent,
Nominaque invenere; dehinc abſiſtere bello,
Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges;
Ne quis fur eſſet neu latro, neu quis adulter.
" Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli - - - - -
Cauſſa: ſed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

----- *Hiatus magnus lacrymabilis*

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

ſet the world in arms.

But kindly kept by no hiſtorian's care,
They all, goodlack, have periſh'd to an hair.
But be that as it may, yet in all climes,
There's diff'rent puniſhment for diff'rent crimes.
Hold, blockhead, hold --- this ſure is not the way,
For all alike I'd flaſh, and all I'd ſlay,
Cries W-----N, if I had ſovereign ſway.
Have ſov'reign ſway, and in imperial robe,
With fury † ſultanate o'er half the globe.

Mean

Quos Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum
Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - dum tu quadrante lavatum
Rex ibis, neque te quiſquam ſtipator, ineptum

† *A word coin'd in the manner of Mr* W-------N.

Mean while, if I from each indulgent friend,
Obtain remiſſion, when I chance t' offend,
Why, in return, I'll make the balance even,
And, for forgiving, they ſhall be forgiven.

12 With zeal I'll love, be courteous e'en to ſtrife,

More bleſt than Emperors in private life.

Præter Criſpinum, ſectabitur: & mihi dulces
Ignoſcent, ſi quid peccavero ſtultus amici:
12 Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,
Privatuſque magis vivam te rege beatus.

11 7 49

F I N I S.

Shortly will be published,

THE

HISTORY of JACK the Giant Killer,

WITH A

COMMENTARY and NOTES.

Humbly attempted in the Manner of Mr W——n.

By Maſter BILLY PENTWEAZLE, a Child of nine Years old.

An Engliſh Motto.

For tho' books ſerve as diet of the mind,
If knowledge, early got, ſelf-value breeds,
By falſe digeſtion it is turn'd to wind,
And what ſhould nouriſh on the eater feeds.
Sir Wm Davenant's Gondibert, Lib. 2. Cant. 8.

A Greek Motto.

Μη νεμεσᾶ βαιοῖσι

A Latin Motto.

Et pueri naſum rhinocerotis habent. Mart.

A Welch Motto.

A weli di ddyn pryſſur yn ei eiriau? gwell yw'r
Gobaith am y ffol nag am dawo ef.

A German Motto.

Wer iſt der edelman?

A French Motto.

Honi ſoit que mal y penſe

A Spaniſh Motto.

Adonde eſta el orinal, adonde eſta la privada?

An Italian Motto.

Signior vi piache altra coſa?

A Flemiſh Motto.

Gby meubt nech wel.

N. B. Maſter Billy Pentweazle is an adept in all theſe languages; and is, beſides, the Son of a potent Critic. What may we not, therefore, expect from a lad of his learning, ſo well deſcended, and already endow'd with all the eſſentials of a modern